

Not Young

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Summary: Cecil Palmer was not young, but he looked it. Carlos was not young, and he looked it more and more as time went by. Tooth rotting fluff, dorks in love and an author that sucks at summaries

Not Young

****Hooray for procrastination!****

****My commission customer has been unresponsive and a massive pain in the ass (She's my sister, I'm allowed) So I've been working on more fics****

****This is kinda based off of a headcanon I saw somewhere about timelines in Night Vale, and how the people of Night Vale age almost like- when they ****_need_**** to, or when the fates decide they're ready. And thinking about how old Cecil seems to be canonically old af but doesn't sound/look like it according to characters/fanon, so it kinda got me thinking.****

Cecil Palmer was not young.

He didn't know i_how_ /inot young, but he could venture a guess that he was i_very/i_ not young.

If someone were to look at him, they would assume he was young. His face carried no permanent wrinkles, despite a lifetime of speaking, and emoting, and surviving under a hot desert sun. His body was unrestrained from the aches and pains that came from years of existence. He had always been a fit person, between the softball he dominated when he was young-younger than he looked now- and the near constant flurry of running for his life, he remained in fairly good shape, and it was incredibly rare that he was ever out of breath. That didn't always help the fact that in his mind, in his rituals involving a glass of wine, a little Netflix, and some scrolling through Tumblr before retiring to bed early, i_alone/i_, he _felt_ not young.

Somehow, it seemed so much different when Cecil met Carlos. From the first time he felt his heart flutter gazing upon the dark-skinned scientist and his perfect hair, Cecil would've sworn he was a highschooler again.

Carlos was not young either.

He wasn't i_as/i_ not young as Cecil. Not by a longshot.

But unlike Cecil, he did carry the signs of a life worth the harm. Little wrinkles in the corners of his eyes and forehead, unnoticeable to anyone other than those looking for it specifically. A quiet wheeze in his breath after running too long, or too far. And of course, his thick, dark hair, with the speckling of gray at the temples.

They were a strange and pleasant compliment to eachother. Cecil tried not to think about it.

When Cecil found he never seemed to age a day, and hadn't for a long time, the thought filled him with a fear he couldn't describe. A fear that someday he would wake up, and his Carlos would be so much more "not young", and he himself would be no different than he was now.

A fear that someday, just like all the ones that came before, Carlos would be gone and Cecil will be no more closer to being with him.

Cecil was trying to put that fear aside when the two of them woke up one morning, and after the usual morning cuddles, and good-morning kisses, and great-glow-cloud-your-morning-breath-might-kill-me kisses, started to leave the bed to start the day. Cecil watched with a heavy heart as Carlos lingered on the edge of their Queen-sized bed, then gave a little groan as he stood, stiff in his movements, limbs not yet used to being awake, and walked towards their conjoined bathroom. Cecil sighed quietly, his joints creaking in complaint (i_The Lyme must be flaring up again_,/i he thought), as he stood. He tried to put it out of mind. Carlos was i_not/i_ aging without him. He was i_not/i._

The sound of rushing water hit his ears, and Cecil realized Carlos had started the shower. The host took a pair of his boxers from one of his drawers in their nightstand, and entered the bathroom without knocking. "Cecil?" Carlos's voice was a little bit louder than the water. "That you?"

"It's me, honey." Cecil replied, stretching his arms, the joints crackling in protest. "Mind if I brush my teeth?"

"Go ahead," Carlos replied, opening the curtain slightly, "Hey, do we have any shampoo in the cabinet? I think I used it up yesterday and forgot to replace it."

Cecil checked the cabinet. No dice. "Sorry, Carlos," he replied, "looks like that was the last bottle."

Carlos made a small noise of disappointment. "Aww," he said aloud, "darn. I love the smell of it."

"I'll add it to the list when I'm done." Cecil assured him, spreading toothpaste over his teal and grey toothbrush and putting the cap back on the tube before putting it down on the edge of the sink.

He did the usual three minute brushing, followed by chanting about fluoride and the existential conundrum that is 'cleanliness', and rinsed his mouth with a mulberry mouthwash. He yawned a wide yawn, scratching the slight scruff on the side of his face. He didn't remember being this tired before. Was he this tired yesterday morning? The host chalked it up to not having his first of many morning cups of caffeinated lifeblood, known to the common person as 'coffee', and stretched his stiff neck. He scratched his cheek again. "Hmm." He muttered, half to Carlos, mostly to himself. "Should I shave today?"

"Boyfriend votes 'yes!'" Carlos called from the shower in almost a singsong voice. "Clean-shaven Cecil is a happy Cecil!"

Cecil chuckled a little bit, then took his metal razor from the rack next to the sink. "More like a clean-shaven Cecil makes a happy Carlos," he teased.

"That too, that's definitely true." Carlos feigned innocence.

Cecil rolled his eyes with a smile. He lathered up his face, spreading shaving foam over the front of his face and down his neck. "Don't forget, we have dinner with your family after the show," Carlos called from the shower. "And please, i_please/i_ don't fight with Steve again. We've already been kicked out of Jerry's Tacos twice."

Cecil groaned loudly. "I can't help it," he moaned, as if in physical pain, "that-i_person/i_"- he couldn't bring himself to say 'man'- "Is going to be the death of me, I swear!"

He flicked his hair back behind his ear. "I might cut my hair while I've got the mirror uncovered," he muttered to himself, "It's getting too long again."

"I dunno, I think it's kinda cute, Ceec," Carlos commented, poking his head from behind the shower curtain for a moment and smirking a little. "It makes you look younger."

Cecil stifled a groan; he didn't i_want/i_ to look younger. He shook the thought, taking his hair-cutting scissors from the cabinet and putting them on the sink with intent to use them once he was done shaving.

He took a deep breath. Mirrors were hard for him. Ever since he was a teenager. But it was a necessary evil, as shaving blind nearly cost him his jugular on several occasions. i_Like a band-aid,/i_ he mentally prepared himself. i_Rip it off quick like a band-aid./i_

In a flourish of black fabric, he uncovered the mirror. He put the fabric on the toilet seat next to the sink, quickly turning his attention to his reflection. He stretched his top lip downward, using his left hand to move his nose just slightly as he started to scrape away the green shaving foam. Out of the corner of his eye, he watched as Carlos drew back the shower curtain and took a towel from the rack. Carlos watched him with an endearing smile. "You're so cute,

you know that?" he asked.

Cecil smiled, rubbing the razor in the facet water and glancing over at his reflection. "I don't see it, but if you say so."

He looked back to his reflection, and his mouth dropped open slightly.

There were lines by his eyes.

There were i_lines_ /iby his eyes.

Cecil's eyes darted around his reflection. He ran his fingers through his hair, leafing through it. After a moment or two, he saw something that made tears come to his eyes. "Oh my godsâ€|" he couldn't keep the words from leaving his mouth.

"Hmm?" Carlos had finished drying himself off and was combing out his damp hair. "What's the matter, Ceec?"

Cecil didn't answer right away, he just shook his head, staring at his reflection as tears started to blur his vision. Carlos saw the tears, and immediately was nervous. He never really knew how to handle tears. "U-uh," he glanced Cecil up and down, unsure what to do about his boyfriend's state. "Honey? Are you alright?"

Cecil finally nodded, a smile coming to his face. "I'm okay, honey." He finally choked out. "J-just- Oh, Carlos, look!"

He turned to the scientist and pointed to the small wrinkles next to his eyes. "Wrinkles?" Carlos was a little confused, "what about them?"

"N-not just the wrinkles, love," Cecil said, his voice shaky from tears. "L-look!" he ran his fingers through his hair, resting on a few wayward strands. "Gray! I'm getting gray hairs!"

Carlos was thoroughly confused. "And are youâ€| upset?" he asked cautiously, "Cause if you are, you have nothing to worry about, I promise you. You'd look handsome as all heck as a silver fox."

Cecil laughed, swatting him playfully. "Thank you, but that's not what I mean." He chided him, "And no, I'm not upset. Actually, I think I'm the exact opposite of upset. Do you know what this all i_means/i_, Carlos?"

Carlos quirked an eyebrow, his lips pinched in confusion. Cecil put his hands to his boyfriend's stubbly cheeks. "Carlos, it means i_I'm aging/i_." He said, his voice low and his smile impossibly wide. "It means I'm growing old with you."

All at once, Carlos understood. It wasn't something they talked about often, the flux of Cecil's age, and how his body never seemed to reflect his age. Whenever it came up Cecil would make a vague observation about it, but would almost instantaneously change the subject. But the jyst of it that he knew is that while Cecil i_looked_ /ilike a young man, he had i_been/i_ a young man for a very, very long time. Tears rushed to Carlos's eyes. "Oh, Cecil," his voice was soft. "My honey-voiced-honeyâ€|"

Carlos put his hands to the sides of Cecil's face, not caring that the green foam now squished between his clean fingers, and wiped away the host's tears with his thumbs. "I love you." He told him, "I love you so, so, so much..."

He pressed their foreheads together and locked their lips in a tender, passionate kiss that sent shivers down Cecil's spine. "Cecil," Carlos spoke softly, "I'm a man of scienceâ€¦ I've never put much belief in 'soulmates' and the like."

The scientist pulled away just enough so that they could lock eyes. "But if there was iever/i a time to believe in soulmates," he continued, "it would sure as heck be now."

"Given that I'm pretty sure the Powers that Be decided I've found the person I'm meant to grow old with," Cecil laughed slightly, "I'd say you're right."

****Comment, favorite, review, and stay out of the dog park!****

End
file.